THE ENGINEERS' PRAYER.

OH LORD, grant that as I make this survey called life I may find pleasant camping places, that the cool waters of congenial companionship may flow past my tent door; that the woods of hardship wherein we must a all work be not too heavily clad with the underbrush of hardluck; that the nettle called remorse grow not too abundantly there; that there be a spring of friendship and shade of the rest tree wherewith to refresh myself; that the cooling breeze may blow sometimes across my forehead and drive away the remembrance of wrong deeds done and righteous deeds undone; that as I lay out the curves of my life they may be tangent to Thy will and that the spirals be true; that there may be a down grade from my will to Thine and that the superelevation may be correct so that as I swing around the curves I may not leave the track that leads to Heaven.

OH LORD, grant that when the cost of my life is computed it may not exceed Thy original estimate; and when I take an observation to obtain a true bearing, Grant that my transit be in perfect adjustment so that I shall not deviate as much as one second from the sight which Thou hast set at the end of that long tangent which leads me through the portals of gold into the passenger depot where Thou art yardmaster. I pray that when my road is built there shall be no dangerous rocks or trees left above the cuts to endanger the safety of any travelers over this route.

LORD in Thy infinite goodness, mercy and love, so encompassing, that even I am included in Thy promise, Listen to my prayer and grant finally that when I turn over my final notes to the Chief and sign my last payroll, HE will say, "Well Done".

AMEN.